

## THE TIMES.

An Independent Family Newspaper,  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY  
**F. MORTIMER & CO.**

### Subscription Price.

Within the County, six months, \$1 75  
Out of the County, six months, 1 50  
six months, 85

Invariably in Advance!

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

## DER DRUMMER.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.



Who puts out at der pest hotel,  
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,  
Und mit der frauheins cuts a schwell?  
Der drummer.

Who vas it comes into mine schtore,  
Drops down his pundles on der vloor,  
Und nefer schtopps to shut der door?  
Der drummer.



Who dake me py der hand un d say:  
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"  
Und goes for business right away?  
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his samples in a trico,  
Und delts me "look und see how nice!"  
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"  
Der drummer.



Who says der tings vas eggstra vine—  
"Vrom Sharmay, ubon der Rhine!"  
Und sheats me den dines out of nine?  
Der drummer.

Who della how cheap der goods vas bought,  
Mooch less as vot I could imbort,  
But lets dem go as he vas "short!"  
Der drummer.



Who varrants all der goods to suit  
Der customers ubon his route,  
Und ven dey comes dey vas no goot?  
Der drummer.

Who comes around yon I been out,  
Drinks up mine bier, und eats mine kraut,  
Und kiss Katrina in der mou't?  
Der drummer.



Who, ven he comes again disvay,  
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,  
Und mit a plack eye goes away?  
Der drummer.

## THE SCOUT'S ADVENTURE.

THE SCENE of the exciting incidents we are about to relate was located in the now populous and peaceful State of Ohio. At the time, however, when these events transpired, the white settlements were widely scattered, and over the greater portion of that fertile region, savage beasts and not less ferocious men held almost undisputed dominion. But the fertility of the soil, salubrity of the climate, the number and utility of its navigable streams, offered many advantages to settlers, and the hardy pioneers of less favored localities, were not slow in availing themselves of them.

But in addition to the hardships and privations inseparable from the most favored condition of pioneer life, the early settlers on the rich Ohio bottoms were exposed to the hostility of the savages. The isolated cabins were assaulted and burned, and the luckless inmates butchered or carried into a woeful captivity. Hundreds thus perished, but the stream of immigration rolled on, with steadily increasing volume, and the wider the settlements spread, the more vengeful and desperate became the savages, who finally determined upon a general war of extermination.

In the valley of Hockhocking, near where the town of Lancaster now stands, was an Indian village, which was selected as the base of operations against the settlers. Here the painted warriors began to assemble in August, 1793, and for several weeks the work of recruiting went on, until the savage army was swelled to such formidable proportions as to menace the very existence of the settlements. The whites were not slow in realizing their danger. They saw that a fearful blow was impending, but were ignorant of the exact point where it was to fall. They therefore determined to send out some trusty scouts to watch the enemy and learn, if possible, where the savage thunderbolts were to descend.

Robert McClelland and Arthur White, two experienced hunters, thoroughly skilled in the subtleties of Indian warfare, fearless, cautious and clearheaded, volunteered to perform that hazardous duty, and in the afternoon of a balmy day in October they set out, amply armed and fully provisioned, determined to reconnoitre the enemy's rendezvous and discover at what point the first blows were to fall.

They traveled many miles of wood and prairie, and finally entered an extensive thicket of wild plum and hazel brush, through which they forced their way with great caution and finally reached the summit of an elevation now known as Mount Pleasant. This hill or mountain abruptly terminated on the west in a bold, almost perpendicular cliff, some hundred feet above the surrounding plain, and was covered by a short, stunted growth of hazel. The scouts reached the top of the cliff unobserved, and from it they could look down into the Indian encampment, and observe every movement. They saw and counted each new group as they arrived, were witnesses of the sports, observed their running matches, horse racing, and tomahawk throwing, but all this gave them no clew to the information they so much desired.

Three or four days were spent in this manner, and in the meantime the supply of water in their canteens became exhausted, and they supplied themselves from the little pools of rain water which collected in the depression of the rock

on which they were encamped. At length wearying of the stagnant beverage, one of them determined to make the hazardous journey down into the valley in quest of a fresh supply. Carefully creeping down the bushy slope, without shaking a tree or dislodging a stone, he entered the valley without discovery, wormed his way through the tall grass, and reached the river bank, filled his canteens and returned in safety.

After this one of them came down almost every day, and apparently with perfect safety.

One day McClelland went on the errand, sauntered along less watchful than usual, filled his canteens, and turned to retrace his steps, when he suddenly found himself face to face with a couple of squaws. The surprise was mutual, and the women gave a wild whoop, and turned to fly. The scout was quick to comprehend his peril. If the alarm was to reach the Indian camp his discovery and death seemed inevitable. Self preservation is the moving impulse with every living creature, and the scout decided that his first duty was to himself and his companion, and that it was expedient that he should inflict a speedy and noiseless death upon the women, and so secretly as to leave no trace behind.

Quick as thought he sprang upon them, seized each by the throat, and dragged them to the river, his vice-like grip stifling their outcries. The old squaw was quickly thrust under the water and drowned, after which the body was allowed to float down the stream in the hope that it would escape observation. He then turned his attention to the young one, who struggled violently, and succeeded in shaking off his grasp on her throat, when to his great astonishment and horror, she exclaimed in good English:

"For Heaven's sake do not kill me, I am no Indian!"

These words, so strange and so utterly unexpected, nearly paralyzed the old hunter, and releasing his hold on the woman, he demanded to know who and what she was. She quickly told her story, which was that she was a white girl, who, with her brother, had been captured in Virginia some five years before, when nearly all her family had been murdered. Since then she had been a slave to her captors, overworked, starved, and beaten, and she entreated McClelland to restore her to her own people.

It was not in the nature of the old scout to resist an appeal of such a character, and giving the girl an assurance of his protection, he started with her for the place of concealment on the mountain.

They had hardly made half the distance, when the loud alarm cry of the savages was sounded less than half a mile away. Some Indians, in crossing the stream, had discovered the body of the squaw.

The fugitives quickened their speed, and soon joined the other scout, who, from his lofty perch, was watching the unusual commotion among the savages, but was ignorant of its cause. Parties of warriors were seen to strike off in every direction; the terrible war-whoop resounded on every side, and the dusky foe was seen gathering around the mountain, until a swarthy chain of painted warriors completely encompassed the position and closed every avenue of escape.

Certain destruction seemed inevitable, but the two men resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Not wishing to involve the girl in their fate, they advised her to return to the Indians and represent that she had been taken prisoner. This she refused to do, and begged for a gun, declaring that she was well trained to its use, and could aid materially in the defense.

But there was no weapon for her, and she was urged to take shelter behind the rocks, and in case of their death or capture, claim that she had been their prisoner.

Fortunately the position occupied by the scouts could only be reached over a high, rocky ridge, which was so narrow that it could be traversed only in single file, and there was no tree, bush, or shrub to afford protection to a hostile party. This ridge was constantly covered by the unerring rifles of the beleaguered men, and every Indian who attempted to cross it, was shot dead, and his

swarthy body rolled down the rocky slope into the gulch below.

It did not take long to convince the savages that this mode of attack was impracticable, and they attempted a flank movement. On the left was a large rock, thickly covered with stunted shrubbery, from which the position occupied by the whites could be completely commanded.

But the point was difficult of access, and could be reached only by leaping a ravine in full view of the beleaguered men, and within easy range of their rifles. But how could two men successfully defend so many points of assault? The case appeared hopeless, but they were not the men to despair. To White was assigned the duty of keeping up the fire in front, and McClelland undertook to defend the threatened flank.

Soon he saw a tall, swarthy warrior crouching on the brink of the ravine, preparing for the leap which was to decide the battle. Only an inch or so of the dusky figure was discernible, and the distance was nearly one hundred yards; but the scout knew that everything depended on his foiling the savage, and he resolved to risk everything upon a single shot. Coolly and deliberately he raised his rifle, his trained nerves were brought under perfect control, and the weapon became as steady as the rock on which he stood. He drew a bead so true that failure seemed impossible, touched the delicate trigger, the hammer came down, the flint was broken into a dozen fragments, but the gun was not discharged.

A half stifled lips of the hunter, but he retained his self-control, and proceeded to adjust a new flint, though he felt almost certain that the savage would gain the coveted position before he could discharge his weapon. Finally the flint was in place, and as he gave the screw a final turn, he glanced in the direction of danger, and saw the enemy crouched, every nerve strained, and at the same instant he sprang with the agility of a panther for the coveted advantage.

The scout gave utterance to a suppressed groan as he saw the movement, and gave up all as lost. But at the same instant the vaulting savage uttered a piercing shriek, fell limp and lifeless on the rocky edge, and rolled into the ravine. He had been shot, but by whom? There was not time to inquire whence the friendly bullet had come, for new dangers were demanding instant action.

The fall of the swarthy warrior called forth loud cries of defiance, indicating that a man of some note had fallen and that he was to be avenged.

McClelland soon saw that the advantage gained was but temporary, for a stalwart Indian was seen to be cautiously approaching the spot which had proved so fatal to his predecessor. He, too, was about to make the fatal leap, and had been covered by the scout's rifle, when another shot from an unknown hand sent him reeling into the abyss. The howls of rage which came from below showed that another favorite chief had fallen.

Another and another essayed the fearful leap, and met with a like fate, when the Indians withdrew to devise some new method of attack. They had lost seriously, were ignorant of the number and character of their enemy, and after carefully guarding every path by which an escape was possible, they drew off to determine on a new plan of attack, and the besieged were given a brief season for rest and reflection.

Now for the first time they thought of the girl, but she was missing. They concluded that she must have fled in terror when the firing commenced, probably returned to the Indian camp; or perhaps she had been killed during the fight, and her miserable captivity ended.

Great was their surprise, therefore, when she made her appearance from behind a dense clump of hazel, with a rifle in her hand. Her story was soon told. In the thickest of the fight she noticed a warrior fall in a thicket considerably in advance of his companions; it occurred to her that if she could only get possession of his gun she might materially aid her friends. Taking advantage in a change of position by the assailants, she crept out through the tall grass and secured the coveted prize, together with plenty of ammunition. Her quick eye had also discovered the

peril which threatened them from the rock which the savages had sought to occupy, and it was she who had so successfully defended it.

Night soon came on, with a terrible storm of wind and rain, and darkness almost impenetrable covered the mountain. Fortunately the girl was familiar with every path and ravine, and at her suggestion it was determined that she should undertake to lead the way through the savage lines into the valley, whence escape would not be difficult. The noise of the storm, it was hoped, would prevent their movements being heard; and she was to take the lead, it being thought that even if she encountered some of the sentinels, her acquaintance with them, her knowledge of their language, and her ready wit, would enable her to turn aside suspicion.

About midnight they set out, the girl a few rods in advance. They had proceeded less than a hundred yards when she gave the scouts the signal to halt, while she went forward to reconnoitre.

She soon returned and reported their retreat in that direction cut off by half dozen savages, who occupied the path directly in front of them. She then retraced her steps a few rods and descended to a deep broken gulch, usually dry, but which was then partially filled by the falling rain. Along this gulch, over the broken rocks, and through the deepening current, they cautiously went, the intense darkness and the noise and confusion of the storm protecting them from discovery. The gulch led to the river but a short distance from the village, whither the guide directed the scouts to follow her. They hesitated, remonstrated and even began to suspect treachery; but she urged them on, and they proceeded. Very soon a new danger confronted them—they were savagely assailed by a couple of dogs, whose barking threatened to arouse the whole village; but the animals were soon quieted by the guide as they easily recognized her voice. They soon reached the midst of the village, the most perfect silence being observed passed through it without adventure and were soon miles beyond on their way to the Ohio.

The sagacious girl afterwards explained that she knew every probable line of escape was carefully guarded, and that the only feasible road to liberty and safety lay through the town, which route was unguarded, as a retreat in that direction was not considered among the probabilities. By any other route capture and death would have been almost certain. Once clear of the enemy, they took the direction of the settlement, which they reached in three days.

The girl who had been so singularly discovered, and had proved so efficient as a soldier and a guide returned to Virginia, found that her relatives had moved to Kentucky, whither she followed them and made Kentucky her home. She was married a few years after her adventure, and raised a large family. One of her grandsons had been Governor of the State, one served with distinction in the Mexican war, and one was killed during the late war, while holding high rank in the Confederate army.

## He Knew Beans.

He sat alone in her father's parlor, waiting for the fair one's appearance, the other evening, when her little brother came cautiously into the room gliding up to the young man's side, held out a handful of something, and earnestly inquired:

"I say, mister, what's them?"

"Those," replied the young man, solemnly taking up one in his fingers, "these are beans."

"There!" shouted the boy, turning to his sister, who was just coming in, "I know you lied. You said he didn't know beans, and he does, too!"

The young man's call was not what you might call a prolonged one that evening.

"May they always live in peace and harmony," was the way a Yankee marriage notice should have wound up; but the compositor who couldn't read manuscript very well, put in type and horrified the happy couple by making it read: "May they always live on peas and hominy."